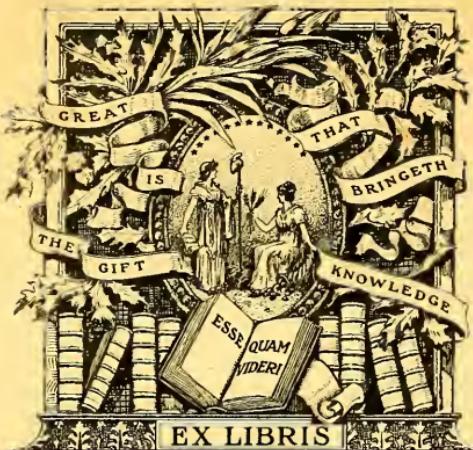


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America's Battle Cry  
—AND—  
Other New War Songs

BETTIE FRESHWATER POOL



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# America's Battle Cry

—AND—

## Other New War Songs

SET TO OLD FAMILIAR TUNES

—BY—

BETTIE FRESHWATER POOL

Author of "The Eyrie," "Under Brazilian Skies," "Literature In the Albemarle," and of the popular songs, "Carolina" and "The Banks of the Old Pasquotank."

On sale by the author, Miss Bettie Freshwater Pool  
Elizabeth City, North Carolina

PRICE 50 CENTS

1918

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— by —  
**BETTIE FRESHWATER POOL**

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This little book of patriotic lyrics, which I have written to fit old, familiar tunes, is dedicated to our American soldiers, both in this country and in France. Its purpose is to cheer them, stimulate patriotism, and arouse buoyant hopes of victory. For the soldier's merry mood there are jingles; for his sentimental mood there are love songs; and for his more serious moments there are hymns. Then, when his love of country throbs and burns, he will find bugle calls to the colors, and jubilant songs of armies marching to victory.

May the year 1918 see America and her Allies gloriously victorious in this world war; imperialism overthrown, and universal peace firmly established.

BETTIE FRESHWATER POOL.



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## AMERICA'S BATTLE CRY

(Tune: "The Wild Ash Deer")

Hail to the army of millions advancing!  
And mark well our ensign—the Red, White and Blue!  
From Northward and Southward, Eastward and Westward  
Our hosts are assembling—the brave and the true.

Now must the Germans flee  
From mountain, vale and sea.

Fierce Hohenzollerns, all tyrants must go!  
Rivers run red with blood!  
We'll check the raging flood!

Down with the Kaiser, humanity's foe!

See our bold Eagle, with broad wings extended,  
Protecting our country—the Land of the Free.  
Sharp are his talons; his swoop it is deadly;  
His war cry's the signal of grand victory.

Never defeat he knows!  
Forth to the fight he goes!

Fierce as the lightning flash cleaving the sky!  
Soon on the brutal foe  
He'll strike the fatal blow!

Quail now the Teutons at flash of his eye!

Tremble ye despots! Your proud thrones are tott'ring!  
Behold! the Handwriting appears on the wall!  
Now strikes the hour when your dynasties crumble;  
And now wakes the world to humanity's call.

Soldiers in trenches sleep!  
Women and children weep!  
Groan all the nations in anguish and woe!  
On sweeps the army grand,  
From fair Columbia's land!  
On, on to victory over the foe!

## THE CALL HAS COME

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

The call has come, and thou must go,  
America! America!

Thou must prepare to meet the foe,  
America! America!

No peril can thy soul affright,  
Thy mighty sword is keen and bright,—  
Strike down the Wrong, defend the Right,  
America! America!

By day and night, on land and sea,  
America! America!

The nations strive for mastery,  
America! America!

The conflict may be fierce and long,  
But thou art great, and thou art strong,  
And thine will be the victor's song,  
America! America!

The tide of war is at its flood,  
America! America!

Its waves are rolling, red with blood,  
America! America!

O, thou must breast that surging tide!  
The crimson stream is deep and wide;  
The God of hosts will be thy guide,  
America! America!



## IT'S TOO LATE, KAISER BILL

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—"John Brown's Body")

Very soon old Kaiser William will be wishing he were dead;  
Plain it is to all the nations there's a screw loose in his head.  
How they wish he had to swallow all the blood that has been shed  
In all this cruel war!  
He has given a blow to England, and another one to France;  
Stabbed the heart of little Belgium with his cruel, bloody lance:  
Now fair Italy is bleeding, he gives Uncle Sam a chance,—  
He's gone one step too far.

### Chorus:

America will whip the Kaiser!  
Teach him better how to size her.  
Now he's wishing he'd been wiser,  
It's too late, Kaiser Bill!

With the blood of countless victims Kaiser William sure was drunk  
When the cruel plan was formed, to have the Lusitania sunk.  
Oh, he'll be devoutly wishing he were in its cheapest bunk,  
Way down beneath the sea!  
He had surely lost his balance when he tackled Uncle Sam!  
He will find he struck a lion, where he thought he hit a lamb.  
He had somehow got the notion that he was the great I AM.  
Oh, none so strong as he!

Many years Old Kaiser William has been hatching out a scheme;  
He would conquer all the nations to a finish, it would seem.  
To become the grand Dictator of the world has been his dream;—  
To bend it to his will.  
Now, when it became apparent that he wished to rule the world,  
Quickly Uncle Sam decided down the tyrant should be hurled;  
And when comes our army marching, with the Stars and Stripes  
unfurled,—  
Then look out, Kaiser Bill!

# RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!

(Tune: "Battle Cry Of Freedom")

The troops all are landed,  
The war horses prance;  
The army is ready  
To march on through France.  
O, "rally round the flag, boys!  
Rally once again!  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

The bugle is sounding!  
Away to the wars!  
Salute our bright ensign,  
The Stripes and the Stars.  
O, "rally round the flag, boys!  
Rally once again!  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

Three cheers for our leaders!  
Three cheers for our men!  
We have crossed the ocean  
To storm the German den.  
O, "rally round the flag, boys!  
Rally once again!  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

America forever!  
Hurrah boys! Hurrah!  
The queen of the nations!  
The bright morning star!  
O, "rally round the flag, boys!  
Rally once again!  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

# DON'T CALL ME A SLACKER

(Tune: "Jim Crack Corn")

Come along, boys, lets join the fight,  
And lick the Germans out of sight!  
The Kaiser thinks he weighs a ton,  
But Wilson is the biggest gun.

## Chorus.

I'm my country's backer!  
Don't call me a slacker!  
I'll be proud of each scar  
Received in the war!

Now's the time to show your grit,  
To prove yourselves both strong and fit;  
For Uncle Sam will have his pick,  
And what he's after is a brick.

Some folks declare they will not go,—  
A baby's afraid to stump his toe!  
The man's no good who will not heed  
His country's call in time of need.



# HINDENBURG AND KAISER BILL

(Tune: "Old Zip Coon" or "Turkey In The Straw")

They fight and scratch, and rip and tear;  
One is a tiger, the other is a bear,  
'Twill take Uncle Sam to hold them still,  
Old Hindenburg and Kaiser Bill,  
One is a bat, one is a mule;  
And each one thinks his head is cool.  
The bat can't see what he's about;  
The mule's locked up and can't kick out.

One is a whale, and the other is an eel;  
The 'Merican eagle'll make 'em squeal!  
The big whale feels so great and grand;  
The slipp'ry eel glides through your hand.  
One is a fox, one is a pig—  
I'd like to see them dance a jig!  
The pig is stuffed up to his head;  
The sly old fox is too well fed.

One is a demon, the other is an imp;  
They've fought till they are weak and limp.  
It's time to give a bitter pill  
To Hindenburg and Kaiser Bill.  
One is a lizard, one is a snake;  
I don't know which one I would take!  
Put 'em in a bag, which one would spill,  
Old Hindenburg or Kaiser Bill?

## AMERICAN CAMP SONG

(Tune: "Tipperary")

Comes an army marching! See "Old Glory" floating high!  
Hearts are full of courage; hands are waving gay goodbye!  
We will fight for home and country—all that we hold dear,—  
We'll conquer German despots, who have filled the world with fear.  
'Twill be a glad day for France and England,  
When the Sammies get there!  
'Twill be a sad day for Kaiser William,  
For defeat he must prepare!  
Goodbye, Hohenzollerns!  
We'll beard you in your den!  
'Twill be a sad, sad day for Kaiser William  
When he tackles our men!

Pershing is our leader to the thickest of the fight!  
We will be the victors! we are battling for the right!  
When the troops come marching homeward—when the war shall cease,  
We'll give to all the nations that most precious boon of peace!  
'Twill be a glad day for all the Allies  
When the world war is o'er!  
'Twill be a sad day for cruel despots;  
They can never flourish more.  
Hurrah, for Woodrow Wilson!  
America's great son!  
Twill be a glad, glad day for Woodrow Wilson  
When the world's peace is won.



# HANG UP HIS SCEPTER AND HIS CROWN

(Tune: "Uncle Ned")

There is a wicked ruler, and his name is Kaiser Bill,  
And he lives far away across the sea.

The war god he serves soon will put him in his mill,  
And grind him just as fine as fine can be.

Hang up his scepter and his crown!

His throne is about to tumble down!

There'll be no more fight in wicked Kaiser Bill

When he's ground in the war god's mill!

There will not much remain of the wicked Kaiser Bill—  
Not a muscle, nor a sinew nor a bone.

All the world will see in the cradle of the mill

Is a small and withered heart that's turned to stone.

Hang up his scepter and his crown!

His throne is about to tumble down!

Not much will be left of wicked Kaiser Bill

When he comes from the war god's mill.



# GOODBYE KATHLEEN

(Tune: "Christ Arose")

Be not so sad tonight,  
Kathleen, my darling;  
Though with the dawn of light  
I sail away  
You I shall not forget,  
Though seas may divide.  
Say you'll not feel regret  
Whate'er betide.

## CHORUS.

Hark to the bugle blast!  
Soon the army will be marching fast!  
Yes, marching away, to sail across the seas.  
Old glory is waving proudly on the breeze.  
Now, Goodbye! O, Goodbye!  
Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!

Say not your heart will break,  
Kathleen, my darling.  
Your sweetest smile I'd take  
With me to France.  
You are my love, my joy,  
'Tis hard to grieve you,  
Pray for your soldier boy,  
He must leave you.

## WHISPER THE PRAYER THAT I LEARNED AT YOUR KNEE

(Tune: "Tell It Again")

As weary and wounded the soldier boy lay,  
There came a sweet dream of his home far away.  
I hear the fond voice of my mother", said he,  
"Breathing the prayer that I learned at her knee.  
O, linger near, sweet voice, so dear!  
Let thy soft accents still fall on my ear!  
Tell me of Jesus, whose face I now see;  
Whisper the prayer that I learned at your knee."

There came a sweet smile to the soldier boy's face;  
Of suffering and sorrow there lingered no trace.  
The form of an angel bent over his bed,  
And on her soft bosom he pillow'd his head.  
"O, mother, stay, with me, I pray!  
On thy white pinions now bear me away!  
Tell me of Jesus, whose face I now see,  
Whisper the prayer that I learned at your knee."



## THE SOLDIER'S MESSAGE

(Tune: "Antony and Cleopatra")

Comrade, come and sit beside me,—  
Great the victory we have won.  
Beats my heart with joy and triumph,  
Though I die ere set of sun.  
Just one little life I've given,  
'Tis not much—would it were more!  
Just one life amid the thousands  
That must drench the land with gore.

Tell my mother I fought bravely,  
Never fearing shot or shell.  
With Death's angel hovering o'er me,  
I now feel that all is well.  
Say I died to save my country  
From the savage German horde;  
Died to save our home and fireside  
From their cruel, bloody sword.

Comrade, still there is another  
I would send a fond farewell.  
O, speak gently! do not grieve her  
When my story you do tell.  
Not one promise I've forgotten  
Since from her I had to part.  
Tell her I have kept her picture  
Ever closest to my heart.

Say her love and God's sustained me  
Mid the fierce and awful strife.  
Ah! I thought not when I left her  
That our parting was for life!  
I rode foremost in the battle,  
And shall sleep in sunny France,  
In an honored grave, O, tell her!  
With a deathless name, perchance.

# O, MY COUNTRY 'TIS FOR THEE.

(Tune: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul")

O, my country, 'tis for thee,  
I would plead on bended knee!  
Thou who art the foe of war  
On thy breast must bear its scar.  
Thou, the noble and the grand,  
And the friend of ev'ry land,  
Now the champion must be  
That shall set the nations free.

O, my country, 'tis for thee,  
I would plead on bended knee!  
Thou, who art the friend of peace,  
Draw thy sword that strife may cease!  
Thou, the peerless and the strong,  
Shield the Right, strike down the Wrong;  
Plant the ensign of the free;  
Shout thy watchword, Liberty.

O, my country, 'tis for thee,  
I would plead on bended knee!  
Dark the war cloud lowering fast.  
Fierce and fiercer roars the blast.  
Though the waves roll mountain high,  
And no haven now is nigh,  
Safe thy bark shall breast the sea,  
Christ the Lord will pilot thee.

O, my country, 'tis for thee,  
I would plead on bended knee!  
There is One Who rules the deep,  
He will thee in safety keep.  
One Who rules the wind and wave,—  
He is mighty, He will save!  
Ev'ry storm obeys His will,  
When His voice cries, "Peace! Be still!"



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